

# Good Morning

255

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## POST-WAR PLANNING?

### DO WORK

Robert De Witt  
recalls  
International  
Successes

## —THESE AGREEMENTS

IN any discussion of the post-war world you are sure to hear the need advocated for international co-operation and the setting up of some sort of "World Parliament."

What is not generally realised by the pessimists, who assert that the nations of the world will never sink their individual interests, is the extent to which this has already been done in certain spheres.

The most notable example is in respect of postal matters, where a "real" League of Nations has existed now for exactly seventy years with never a serious dispute.

To us there seems nothing remarkable about being able (in time of peace) to put a few pence on a letter, drop it in a pillar-box, and be certain of its delivery in Bulgaria, Afghanistan, Peru, or wherever it may be.

But to our great-grandfathers, much less than a hundred years ago, the idea of doing this would have seemed wildly Utopian!

They would not only have to mark on the letter exactly what route it should follow, but calculate the charge accordingly. The charge varied with every country and every route. A letter from the U.S.A. to Australia cost 5 cents, 33 cents, 45 cents, 60 cents, or 102 cents, per half-ounce, according to the route!

Some of the charges a century ago seem to us fantastic. A letter from England to Bulgaria cost 5s., to the western part of the U.S. 4s. 8d.

But not only were the charges varying from country to country and route to route, but also the permitted weights.

Great Britain and the U.S. used ounces, France and Belgium the gramme, Germany the loth. Just to confound confusion, the charges rose by a varied amount of weight—in Britain it went up by half-ounces, in Germany by the loth, and in Denmark by ½ or ¼ loth, according to circumstances!

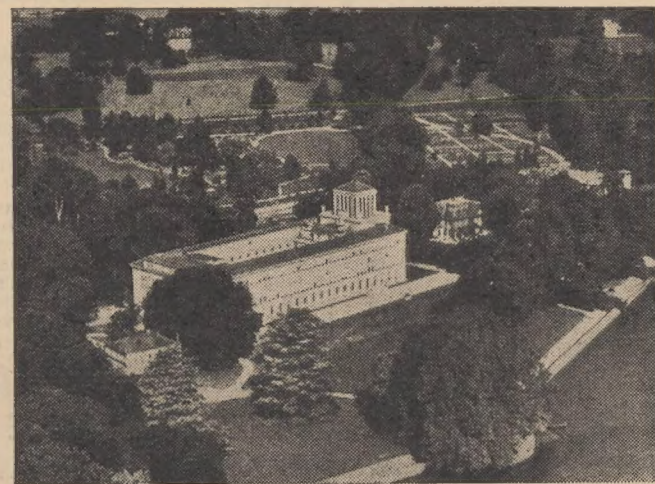
It reminds one of the present chaos of tariff charges all

over the world. And yet exactly seventy years ago the establishment of a world Postal Parliament—the Universal Postal Union, as it came to be christened—completely removed this chaos, reduced postage rates to their present moderate figure, and left the post offices of the individual nations no poorer!

It was a remarkable sinking of self-interest. That the nations should agree not to charge for letters from abroad delivered, but simply collect

The Congress of the Postal Union has met every five years since, each nation sending a delegate with plenipotentiary powers. The Congress met in London in 1933, when 1,800 amendments were agreed to. These amendments all concern comparatively minor adjustments to ensure fair and expeditious working.

Immediately after the war there will have to be a Congress to settle innumerable problems arising from the war, and new ones, chiefly



The I.L.O. Building, Geneva

what they took in their own country for foreign-bound mail, seemed impossible. Yet in the course of a few years 90 of them did it. The amazingly complicated system of accounting necessitated by "split charges" disappeared almost overnight.

The huge increase in the amount of mail and the stopping of evasion when reduced charges made it not worth while swelled the amounts that Post Offices took. Best of all, the establishment of the world postal state resulted in letters being delivered promptly by the quickest routes.

concerned with air mail. That no one puts a question mark after post-war postal arrangements is testimony to the way this world postal parliament has worked.

The International Labour Office, which held a meeting in London at the end of 1943, is a much younger International Parliament. It originated after the Great War, with the object of promoting international co-operation in matters concerning Governments, employers and workers.

The need for it arose because there are many matters concerning better health and working conditions which cannot be put right by one nation without the agreement of others. It is obvious, for instance, that the length of the working day should be decided internationally if violent "under-selling" is to be avoided.

The delegates to the I.L.O. do not have plenary powers. For a convention to be carried, a two-thirds majority is required, and while each Government must then submit the convention to its Parliament, it may not be ratified—that is made law in the country concerned.

Nevertheless the I.L.O. has managed to get some 140 conventions and recommendations

## —and Home News

HERE'S father showing his art at carving the joint on the second day, and he makes a good job of it, too.

It was the day after New Year's Day, following the usual celebrations held in the North, that the "Good Morning" photographer called at your home in Johnson Terrace, Washington, Co. Durham.

You can guess that they were all feeling just a little tired after the "First Footing," but not too tired to send you a message and have their picture taken.

adopted, and there have been 900 ratifications. Over fifty countries have ratified one or more conventions. In terms of the ordinary man, this has meant better working conditions.

Holidays with pay, the length of the working day, safety at work, welfare, social insurance—these are the kind of things that the I.L.O. has concerned itself with on the international scale.

When the war ends, it will provide ready-made machinery for much of the work of global reconstruction. Sixteen nations sent delegates to the London meeting. Before the war every nation belonged to it.

These are two prominent examples of international co-operation which have worked. There are others.

Control of the opium and narcotic drugs traffic, for instance, was obtained by the nations sitting in conclave, agreeing to bring their own laws into line with the decisions of the body. The fact that the Japanese signed and then quietly continued their evil sales does not mean all the work was wasted.

In health matters, notably concerned with quarantine, there was international control and co-operation to a sufficient degree to remove most of the irksome barriers on travellers.

The International Institute of Agriculture did much good work as a "parliament" where world agricultural problems were discussed and statistics exchanged. It had been working steadily since 1905, when the American, David Lubin, unable to interest his own countrymen in the idea of a world agricultural parliament, went to Italy and obtained the support of the King.

Some 74 nations belonged—and paid their way. The great idea behind the world organisation was that prices for agricultural products, upon which the prosperity of farmers and even nations depends, are determined not by local, but by world conditions.

There are some three hundred international bureaux of various kinds, each of them a miniature world parliament.

But all indicate the possibilities for ever-increasing co-operation in the future—the future in which the choice may be: "Co-operation or Chaos."

## I GET AROUND

Ron Richards'  
COLUMN

I SAW a new Britain in the last school holidays. Boys and girls from all over England and Wales came to London to hear and talk about the country they were going to build.

They weren't in uniform, nor were they marched here; they carried no banners, and there was no fanatical glare in their eyes; they were laughing and joking.

Some of their shoes hadn't seen blacking for days, and their ties were mostly crooked and their stockings crinkled.

The parents of many were at that time also working for the same cause—with arms or spanners. These fresh-faced youngsters, who, in accordance with pre-1939 standards, should have been at the seaside, came and saw—soon they will conquer.

THE Central Hall, Westminster, was one meeting-place; the Council for Education in World Citizenship the organisers. Sir William Beveridge, Mr. J. B. Priestley, and educational Ministers of allied nations were among those chosen to deliver lectures. Subjects considered were such as "Security and Adventure," "The New Citizen," and "Racial Problems."

The latter, by Dr. Audrey Richards, provoked high feelings.

EVERY question was answered—every answer was recorded in exercise books, later to be passed on to their respective classmates; later still to materialise into a Britain genuinely fit for their fathers to come home to.

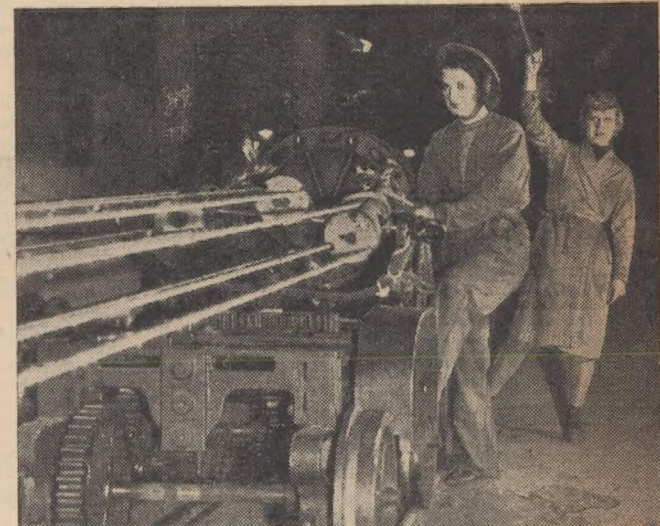
YES, when the boys and girls went home they didn't take with them memories of boating and fishing and cricket; they took home books of wisdom—they hadn't built their sand-castles; that was to come—and they wouldn't literally be built of sand.

AM I indecent in finding amusement in the following notice prominently exhibited in a Fleet Street chemist's shop?

"Anti-stork sheaths—guaranteed!"

I HAVE found some more back-room girls—they tie you down in port! It's their job to make rope and hawsers for the Admiralty. Anything from a ball of string to a heavy hawser for towing purposes they manage with ease by walking up and down the workshop!

The method is known as the rope walk—the walk being two hundred yards, or the distance



When asked whether it was their opinion that newspapers and pamphlets encouraging anti-Semitism should be banned, the answer was, "No!—in a free country, freedom of the Press."

But when asked "Does the group believe that there should be one Government-controlled paper, refuting inaccurate and malicious anti-Semitic propaganda?" the answer was emphatically "Yes!"

SUCH questions as this were typical: "Who are going to be the office-boys of the future?"

To this Mr. H. C. Dent, who addressed them on education, replied:

"There is no reason why we should not all be office-boys for a time, or why we should not abolish a lot of jobs for which there is no need."

"The new Education Bill," Mr. Dent told them, "need not improve education in the least. It could, conceivably, make it much worse—unless we have properly-equipped schools and properly-equipped teachers, properly paid."

"History's most important thirty years lie ahead of you. You will see some of the most outstanding advances we have ever known."

Other questions, which in themselves pointed to astute, advanced thought behind them, concerned the colour bar, a better examination system, public opinion and town planning.

## A homely Picture

for Tel. J. H. BROWN





# Dr. Manette's Manuscript By Charles Dickens

PART III

## WANGLING WORDS—210

- 1.—Put a sea-bird into ALATIVE, and make a choice.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of I CAN OIL R.A.F., and make a State in U.S.A.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BLANK into CHECK, HARE into HUNT, EARLY into LATER, GUNS into SNUG.
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from BASINGSTOKE?

### Answer to Wangling Words—No. 209

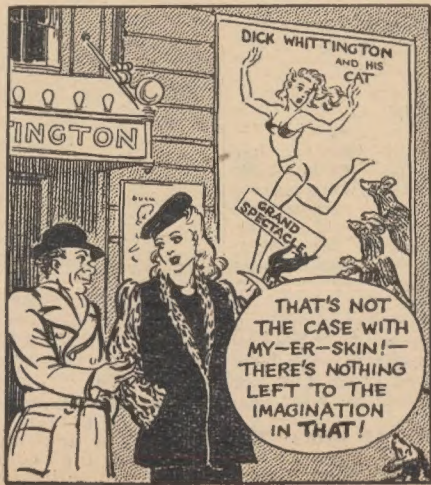
- 1.—BramBLE.
- 2.—MINNESOTA.
- 3.—LAND, SAND, SEND, SENT, SEAT, SEAS, DRAW, DRAY, PRAY, PLAY, CLAY, CLOY, CLOT, COOT, FOOT, FORT, FORD, WORD, WARD, SLAP, SLAT, SEAT, SEAS, PEAS, PETS, PATS, PALS, DOOR, BOOR, BOOT, ROOT, ROOD.
- 4.—Real, Liar, Rail, Lair, Sail, Sale, Tier, Rite, Tire, Sire, Rile, Rate, Tear, Tare, Seal, Seat, List, Last, Lint, Tore, Rote, Lore, Role, Rest, Rent, Tern, Tail, Lain, Nail, Real, Sore, Rose, etc.
- Least, Steal, Saint, Stain, Ratio, Stone, Notes, Roast, Stern, Stile, Stole, Stale, Snail, Slain, Slate, Tales, Resin, Trail, Trial, Tails, Relit, Tiler, Stare, Rites, Siren, Alien, etc.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Beats queuing hollow! Hadn't been here a jiffy yesterday before the fishmonger threw a Dover sole at him!"

## JANE



# A Crazy Common Dog!

"HOW has this been done, monsieur?" said I.

"A crazy young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman."

There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"Doctor, they are very proud, those Nobles; but we common dogs are proud, too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—have you seen her, Doctor?"

The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them as if she were lying in our presence.

I said, "I have seen her."

"She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too—a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race."

It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for was that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!"

I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy.

"Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in

our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us!

"He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?"

The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true.

The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another I can see, even in this Bastille; the gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate revenge.

"You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these

Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in the grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed.

"They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom."

Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched and try to cover his wound.

"Then, with that man's permission, and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must

have told his brother—and what that is will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road.

"When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here."

The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

"She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in, and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw.

"Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life."

My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's.

(To be continued)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



A LAPP PICTURE.

All dressed up in his Sunday best, the husky Lapp comes down to the market to get his picture taken to send to his best girl. And brother Lapp photographer gets his picture taken at the same time. Beyond the make-believe of the screen lies the stark land of the Lapp, all snow and ice. And, beyond that, just Lapland, which the outside world doesn't know much about; although some of the Lapps have heard a rumour about a big war going on somewhere!

## QUIZ for today



1. Crinose means fat, thin, hairy, bald, drunk, wrinkled, silly?
2. Who wrote (a) The Picture of Dorian Gray, (b) A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Ice, Stone, Cork, Oil, Oak, Orange, Apple.
4. What is a deemster?
5. How did Court Plaster come to be so called?
6. What musical instrument is used in a ship for which no music is ever written?
7. What is copra used for?
8. What are the Elysian Fields?
9. What were the surnames of Romeo and Juliet?
10. Who first said, "Neither here nor there," and where?
11. What is the capital of the Isle of Man?
12. With what other persons are these people associated?—(a) Henry Irving, (b) Dr. Johnson.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 254

1. Military officer.
2. (a) Beaumarchais, (b) George Meredith.
3. Heine is not British; the others are.
4. Left.
5. Giant Killer, Beanstalk, Frost, — and Jill, Horner, Sprat.
6. 700.
7. Theodolite, Tambourine.
8. That of the ship's flag.
9. Right side.
10. An hour-glass and a scythe.
11. District of Columbia.
12. (a) Man, (b) Wells.

### Solution to Picture Quiz in No. 254:

Puffed Wheat.

### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

- My first is in TROOPS, but not in ARMY.  
My second's in SOFT, but not in BALMY.  
My third is in CHEERFUL, also MERRY.  
My fourth is in TERMINUS, though not FERRY.  
My fifth's not in TEMPEST, but in GALE.  
My sixth is in MOLLUSC, not in SNAIL.  
My seventh's in WALRUS, not in WHALE.  
My eighth is in FIREWORK, not in SPLUTTER.  
My last is in COASTGUARD, not in CUTTER.

(Answer on Page 3)

### NUMERICAL PUZZLE

At the outbreak of the last war, the eldest of three brothers was four times as old, and the middle one three times as old, as the youngest.

At the outbreak of this war the youngest was twice as old, and the eldest three times as old, as the middle one was in 1914.

What were their ages in both years?

(Answer on Page 3).

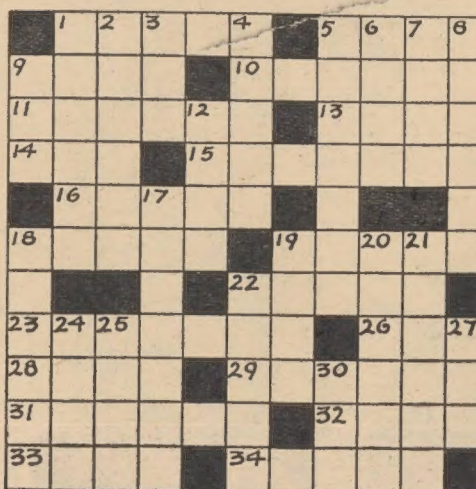
The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited: he must not make himself a nuisance to other people.

J. S. Mill (1806-1873).

Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee.  
Wordsworth.

But I kissed her little sister,  
And forgot my Clementine!  
Percy Montrose.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 In pursuit of.
- 5 Spill.
- 9 Talented.
- 10 End.
- 11 Sarcastic.
- 13 A distance.
- 14 Unskilled.
- 15 Brooks.
- 16 Preclude.
- 18 Finch.
- 19 Commenced.
- 22 Sort of bear.
- 23 As substitute.
- 26 Present.
- 28 Excellent.
- 29 Road.
- 31 distance.
- 32 Of blooms.
- 33 Surface.
- 34 Grass.

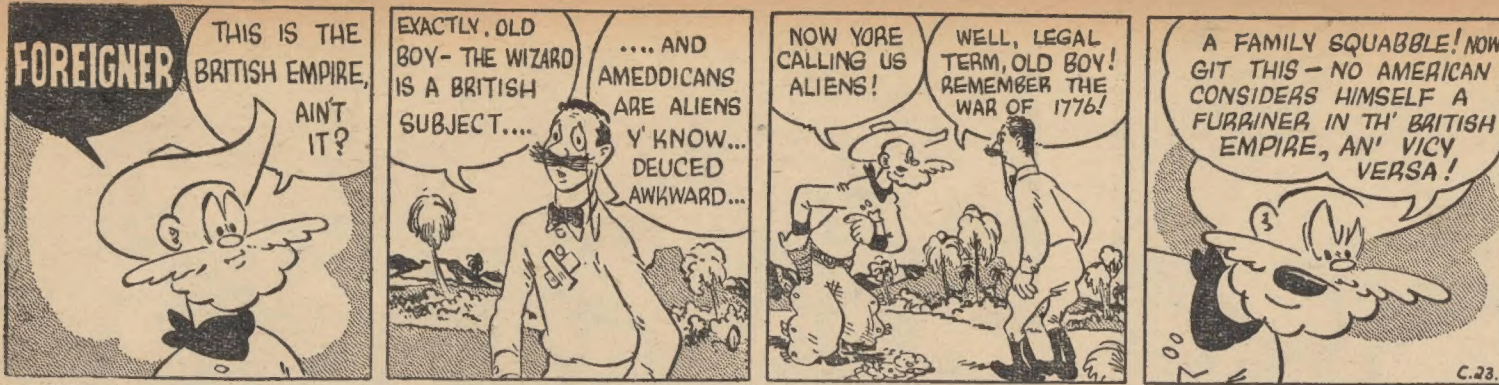
## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Scrape off.
- 2 Rose.
- 3 Number.
- 4 Be repeated.
- 5 Dog.
- 6 Vivacity.
- 7 Spoken.
- 8 Individual.
- 9 Melody.
- 12 Persia.
- 17 Marsh bird.
- 18 Light boats.
- 19 Portend.
- 20 Foreman.
- 21 On every side.
- 22 Becomes tiresome.
- 24 Famous river.
- 25 White flakes.
- 27 Raining.
- 30 Girl's name.

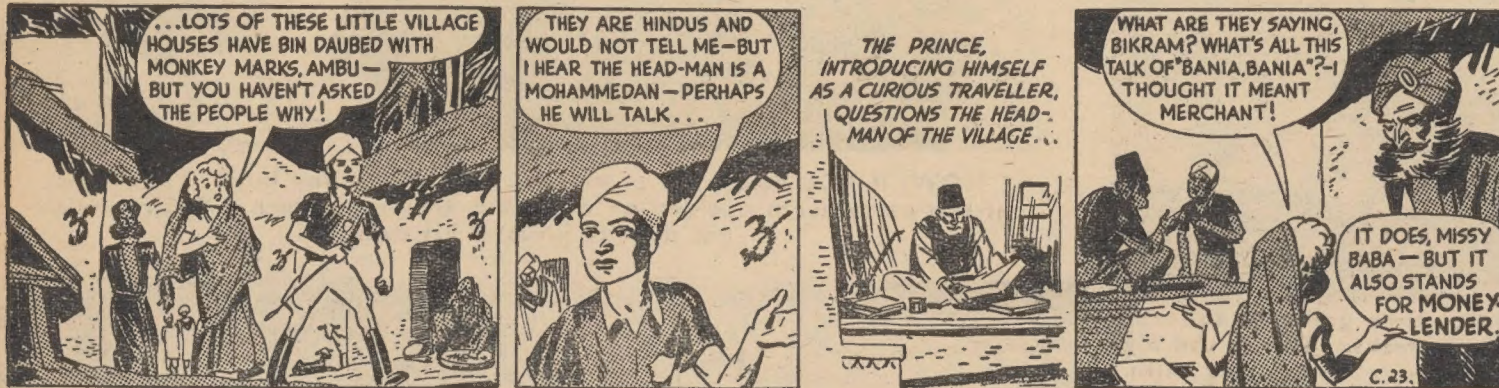
AFFIRMATIVE  
PRONE CON N  
AYR CHIRRED  
B CRIED ORE  
TREATY SAGA  
ONE DID R  
BASK LISSOM  
ACT COMA RE  
SHAPE PLAIN  
I VENA COT  
CLEAT EVENS



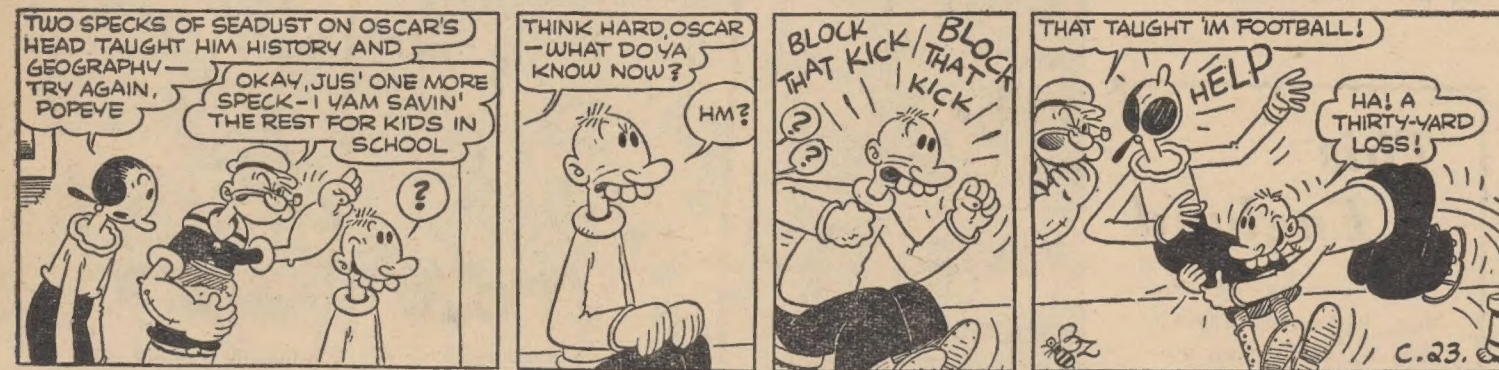
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



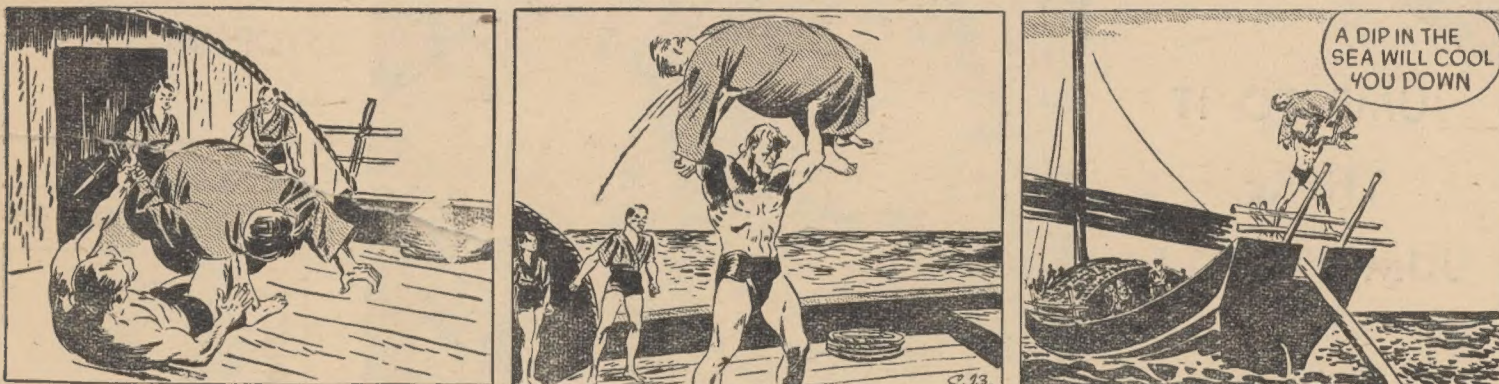
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



HAPPY days these, for seldom now am I stuck for a welcome home paragraph!

Back to his Canterbury home is LEADING SEAMAN DICK MINTER after escaping from an Italian prison camp.

Leading Seaman Minter won the D.S.M. for gallantry at Dunkirk, but was captured when the submarine "Sahib" was sunk. He was in a prison camp near Ancona, Italy, when the Italians surrendered.

Soon after, with two other matelots and a Commando, he escaped, and with one loaf of bread between them they took to the hills, where they hid from the Germans for two days.

Securing a small fishing boat, the party headed south, living for five days on a bunch of grapes each.

Their boat then capsized, but they reached shore safely. The accident probably prevented their recapture, as the port of Barletti, for which they were making, was then in German hands.

An Italian directed the party to the home of an American, who fitted them out with civilian clothes and arranged for their passage on a schooner.

Very glad to welcome you, Dick.

MORE news of the "Shark" family tree comes from Mrs. Stella Danvers, wife of C.P.O. PERCIVAL DANVERS, who was taken prisoner in June, 1940.

This lady's war effort qualifies her for the title of Station Master, Booking Clerk, Parcels, Goods Clerk, Ticket Collector, Signalman, and Porter (Grade I), at Avonwick Station, G.W.R., where she is the only employee.

Mrs. Danvers was evacuated from Plymouth with her children, Margaret and Conrad, three years ago, and volunteered for the "one-man" railway job soon after.



Few people pack more into each twenty-four hours than this submariner's wife. When the train brings in the daily newspapers, Mrs. Danvers finds a use for her lunch-hour besides eating. She mounts her push-bike and rides two miles to her village of Diptford and delivers the papers; then she has the kiddies to care for, and in the evenings the housework to do.

Says Mrs. Danvers: "I'm happy in my work all right; I don't get much spare time to think. My husband laughs at me running this station all alone; but he's proud of me all the same." Aren't we all?

I HAVE found another claimant to the submarine version of the lyric of the Crazy Gang's "Underneath the Arches"; this time it is MR. J. P. RYAN, secretary of the London Submarine Comrades' Association.

For the one submariner who doesn't know the words, I reproduce them:— Underneath the surface, we dream our dreams away.

Underneath the surface, on battery boards we lay;

There you'll always find us, tired out and worn, Until they start to shake us and wake us With the blast of a klaxon horn.

Then we all get busy, the "Tiffies" and the "Swains," Working vents, blows and hydroplanes.

And when the "buzz" is over, we get "it" down again; Underneath the surface, we dream our dreams away.

Ron Richards

Solution to Allied Ports: PORT LOUIS.

Solution to Numerical Puzzle: In 1914—20, 15, 5. In 1939—45, 40, 30.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



"He has now got Lofty against the wall. He's going to squeeze the very life out of him. This is the finish, folks. This is the big moment. Hell's bells, what a flop! Lofty's embracing him. Lummy! they ain't fightin' at all — they're flintin'."



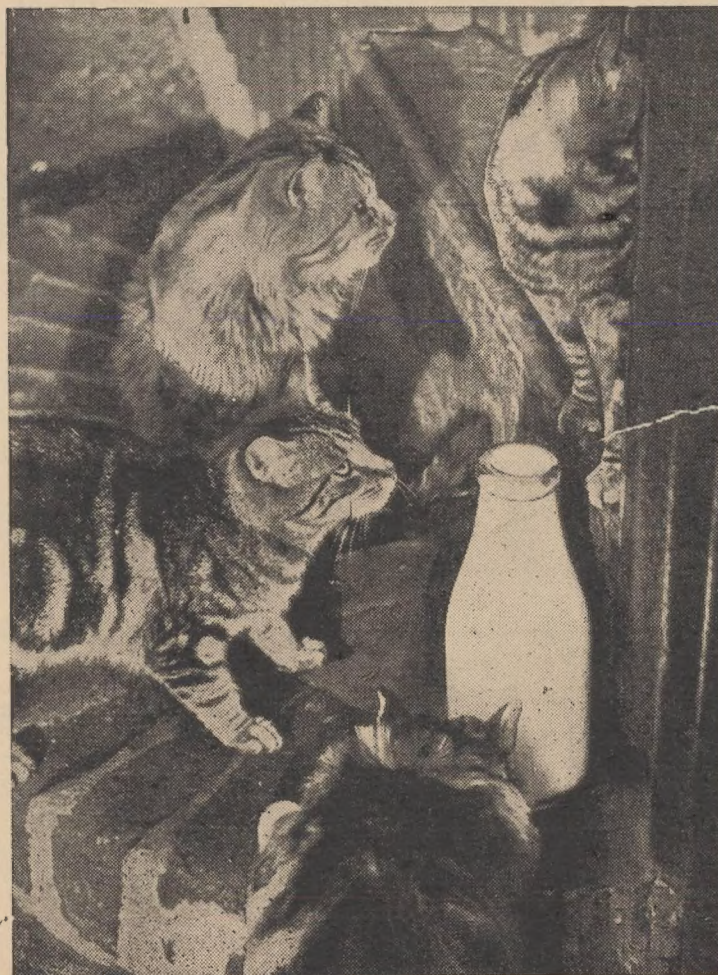
## This England

The harvest of the sea, high and drying. Sussex fishermen collecting their catch at low tide.

JUMP TO IT  
THERE,  
JUMP TO IT!



"NOW, if YOU had a lot of money, what would you buy? Four-fifths of the party seem decided on dolls, but that other fifth — Gosh! he's got definite ideas of his own."



★ THERE'S NOBODY COMING . . . WHAT'S STOPPING US? ★

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Nobody comin', huh?"

